

BLUE GRASS BLADE

Volume XVIII.

LEXINGTON, KY., JULY 25, 1909

Number 12

DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

A T Parker
High and Ashland
Rt 1 Side
Sopos

We Do Not Know

(By J. C. Watkins.)

Is there somewhere in boundless space
A perfect world, a grand Celestial place,
A ponderous Central Sun, whose glorious light
Shining afar the Universe makes bright,
A mighty Orb around which move
Suns, systems, planets, worlds, as in a groove,
Held to set course as on through space they go.
It may be true, we do not know.

Is there a God, a Being good and wise,
Omnipotent, omniscient, and whose eyes
Can see to spaces most remotest bounds,
Whose ears can hear afar the faintest sounds.
Has he a body, parts and form like ours,
But perfect both in form and mental powers;
Doth he take count of mortals here, below?
We cannot tell—We do not know.

When from our frame the vital spark has fled,
And that in which it dwelt lies cold and dead,
Where is the spirit which the clay once thrilled?
Does it die too—Is it forever stilled?
Does death end all—Is immortality
A hope a dream, a non-reality,
Or shall we live again—It may be so;
We fondly hope—but, we do not know.

But this we know, a still small voice within
Admonishes us to shun the ways of sin,
And to the voice of Reason give good heed,
Obediently following whither She doth lead,
That they who really desire more light
Must strive to do what they believe is right:
Abstain from wrong if they desire to find
True happiness and perfect peace of mind.

Kanawha Falls, W. Va.